

## 14 Lost at Sea

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1st.

Middle-Grade Short Story

Beginnings

I am just a girl...

My age: 14-

My name is Emmalyn

Marilee, I have been called the small girl,  
yet I am just a girl, but even so-o, I had a  
crazy thought, and dream to be the first girl  
younger than a woman to do what I set off  
to do and at something that has never  
done.

There I was day after day  
making my ship- nothing big, yet it was  
what I thought was right to make this  
journey, I have lived mostly on the water

growing up- in my hometown next to the  
port.

“Yes- how’s it coming my day  
asked looking at me like I was the nuts girl.”

“Good!” - I say, not even  
looking up at him, to see that he was just  
wearing those whole-ie underwear that are  
like yellow from age, wiped at the elastic.  
who was sipping on his coffee, he no I was  
doing this with or without his okay?

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I remember taking a bite of  
my PP and J sandwich and having half of it  
running down my tank top, that was pink,

that smalt of kiddie girl perfume. The kind  
that all the young girls spray too much of in  
the locker rooms after the lizbo teacher  
want to look at you run laps. There goes the  
dog running after my sister who is 2 years  
young then I, and then the dog, that missed  
the step and hit the wall, yet I did not even  
look up I was working on my wooden boat  
for my sea trip I was going to make all by  
myself!

My mom too... they- or no  
one was going to stop me from making my  
make on the world. I wanted fame! And to  
be the strong girl!

I pastel my way off the  
coastline- on a clear day, there is no motor,  
no life jacket, no nothing just me in a small  
boat doing a big dream.

Yah I am normal; this is what  
a girl does on her summer break...

1

Lost at sea in a small boat-  
where I end up in one of the worst events  
of my life, tossing and turning over waves, I  
think I am going to die, 30 foot waves on I  
go under, and over the boat was never  
made to stand be crashed, and bobbing like  
a cork in the 5,000 foot waters of the sea.

Black is all I see, for 24 nights  
as I try to make it a- coursed the Pacific  
alone, a dumb thing I just want to see if I  
could do- to make history, lost at sea its day  
5, after I left port of my small town- I have  
no clue what was to come- some would say  
it was poor planning- others say it was just  
dumb. I had nothing but a camera to talk  
to- and I did I documented my story- I was  
taunted by sharks- I they were nipping at  
my feet.

Happiness, I can even think  
of the good thought other than the  
flashbacks of the life I had and let go for this

trip- to become someone- when I was...  
somebody there- with them- I think of all  
them in my mind- and I get even more  
broken hatred adrift lost in the ocean?

This is something I do not  
have at this time I feel that not seeing my  
mom and dad is slowly killing me more than  
living her bobbing in the water having  
sharks swimming around me just looking at  
me with the intent to eat.

My happiness was being  
home, and being with my girlfriend on the  
weekend, and spending time with my young  
boyfriend too, whom I broke up with me



right before this trip, I miss- oh so much. He was everything to me... maybe that is why, I did this... to show him that I am a strong girl, and don't need him- yet right now I am so sure that I do.

My greatest fear is as of now, being eaten alive by them swimming around me. Not getting back home never seeing my friends and family, never doing something like homework, or reading a book or texting on my phone, things that we take for granite.

Things that you don't even think of in every day- things like being warm

and dry. Things like sitting with your dad-  
eating like a pig and fart well looking at the  
TV, things like mom saying you're not nice  
to your sister who looks up to you those  
things- there. I fear everything out here in  
this dark water- that is so cool and become,  
hot as hell, the sun has my skin- pilling and  
red, then at night it feels like there are  
knives hitting all the open wounds that their  
sharp teeth have made on my legs and feet,  
passing by.

2

Death- I feel that I am eating  
my own body away, as they nibble away at

it too... I see the light get odd and stranger...  
too. The Loneliness', is getting to me, there  
is no one for miles... there is not one soul to  
take to- and all my photo- phone- and life  
has washed away in the boat that is not at  
the bottom of the sea.

I am deploring everything  
about whom, I am at this moment it is now  
day 13, and I just ate a raw fish, I dislike  
everything about me now; why did I do this,  
my mind is not right, just thinking of all the  
times were I just sat in school, all the times  
that I just played, all the things I did as a  
young girl, like doing my hair. That is now

like green from the blonde, color. My eyes  
are red from the salt water running in as I  
have high waves crashing over my head. I  
know I seeing things, that is not even there,  
I feel dazed.

What is the trait you most  
deplore in others? Him the only thing right  
now that I could think of hating the most  
right now is him... everything, I dislike the  
world for me ending up this way even god  
too... why did this big storm have to come,  
why did I have to sink, why? Looking back at  
my life now that I am slowly dying out at  
sea with no coming to find me not even

mom or dad- for they don't think that I am not okay, I dislike that I was the one out- I never really had, what others did, until I had him, and he is not loving me, so maybe that is why I wanted to do this.

Pounding the nose- hit- hit- slap- and she went off, yet getting one of my toes, the big one... I can see fragments of my little boat around me yet noting to keep me from going under to hold on too. Um- I remember the first date we went on to a fast-food place, not much by it was what he had, his mom and dad did not get- US! I NEVER HAD A ring he did not have the

money- yet no looking back on slowly  
sucking in my saltwater then I can handle, I  
feel he was never- ever the real one.

Oh him- so dreamy- yet so-  
uncaring about me- the person, I would  
admire the most more than my dad would  
be- The boy I love- and yet also said for me  
to grow up, and be someone, other than a  
whiny little b\*tch, and find someone else to  
love, even if... is the? Him for loving me-  
always him- my boyfriend for being my  
first... and taking me- and taking me  
wherever I wanted to like the mall and to  
school and to a football game, to the park

for rides and more, or in his car for loving,  
and even hooking up and making out he  
was the one for me. With his dark hair and  
perfect smile, lips and face, with green  
eyes. I was his short blonde, slime, and  
slander, hopping into his arms when he said  
when, or to jump and- I said – like ‘how  
high,’ we feed off of each- other’s feeling  
and caring.

My greatest extravagance  
was going to be this and make to the other  
side where he would be there for me to  
jump in his arms- it was not even three  
days, and my body was not even consumed

complete, by these sharks he was with: Amy  
Pierre- the girl that was cuter than me- and  
better than me in everything? He could care  
less that I became shark poop, and that not  
fun because that is true, these were my last  
thoughts, pin and left to float out in sea in a  
bottle. Funny a day at the beach three  
weeks after they gave up looking for me his  
new girlfriend, read this... and freaked!

3

I am-

Going-

Cr-a-zzz-y- crazy- CRAZ-YYYY!



My short life is running past  
me- and I can help but to have foggy  
thoughts of all the days in the past and  
thought of a life with my boyfriend that not  
going to have- or working, or job, or dances,  
or car... or sweet 16. Even babies- and that  
white dress! I am just treading water-  
eating- whatever just to sub-stain life- and  
keep from shriveling up... to black dust in  
the hot sun- too really cool 17<sup>th</sup> nights.

If a boat is close, I would  
star call out yet there was nothing but my  
cold breath echoing back in my face, to  
show my I WAS ALL ALONE- facing death,

but then more loudly, I played myself out  
until I had no power left in my voice, I lost,  
and I was a cheerleader in school, for 2  
years, the lost lonely thoughts of cold- no  
one is come to get you.

Tying to say as still as  
possible, and while waiting, trading, yeah-  
no- there going to pull you under and rip  
you apart... I was there new toy- the shark  
was my pet- should I pet it or let it eat me? -  
as long as the shark is not actively attacking  
you - and get into the boat as quickly as  
possible once the boat reaches you.

“This life expectancy that I have lived is full of trials with misfortunes, yet I only 14- so-o you have to capture humor whenever and wherever you can find it.” And mine was to have this... I recall the first three hours in the boat before all the lights went out it was nice and I thought, I had it in the bag. Maybe it's important to open up I people, other than a boy and some really close girlfriends- people who are right there with you, not some thousand miles away in another life. Or maybe it's something else. Maybe I should just settle for not knowing, that I would not be remembered for anything.

Maybe it's just good to know that you're not the only one who doesn't know, what she really wanted.

I made the boat myself; I was something that I was most proud of... blue and white- it was made to have no power on board- just to make the 100-day journey for one cost to the other- from Norfolk to Freeport- and over the triangle. That was also called dumb- knowing the stories- of what if. 90 mph and more, with the winds... I thought this was it- I say my good buys- I have nothing but the camera to say this all too.

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My current state of mind?

Irrational, there goes my other leg, I feel  
down, and there is nothing- nothing-  
noting- my mind can't take this... I shriek-  
yell- scream, and cry- and there is no sound-  
just more water coming from my eyes, and I  
am gushing blood and the choppy waves  
are now inflamed with color of ruby red, I  
will never feel what it's like to have a boy  
there either the dirty thought run in my  
crazing mind, that my hip was hardly  
hanging on the rest of me. But do you feel  
sorry for me- know you should not- I was

over my head... from the first five moments.

All over a dumb boy- and his- mean.

What do you consider the most overrated virtue? Thinking they care about me my friends are they, my friends, why did I have to do this alone, why has no one found me, these are all question asked after the first five hours into this trip, I did not plane long enough. Was there a plan not really more just spite...?

And dumb girl going for something never done. I have been a liar and a cheat? I would sneak out with the girls, and blame my sister for what I did,

that being a teen... and I would play with  
the skittle too is that why I am her for loving  
myself... and say that I did not- is that God  
saying don't, why I end up this why- he  
made me feel that I need to touch myself  
down there and I did more than six times  
one day it that wrong? He would get me, to  
do him like every other day, yet a teen girl  
wants more. Like I remember the first time  
he grabbed my boobs, oh that was so nice,  
now I feel that I will never feel love... again  
even if I do make it out- alive- I have no  
lower half...!

I remember last year my nose was bigger than them- I just got an ass and now a shark has come and bit it off- just my luck... I was going crazy... Always to cover for what was right, even if it was wrong it was to make sure the other person was not said. I also kissed another boy on the lips in front of him think I would get him back, is god paying me back for it now?

I was always prep type- even appearance, with the little poof on my head and wavy heavy blonde hair; everything I was a girl in high school there was nothing about me that I thought was right, I wanted



it all fixed like my nose and that was done 2 years back like my teeth and when I started wearing way too much makeup to cover it all up- yet I one of the top looking girls in my class or so they said.

5 days in all I have is a- bit of wet candy bar... and I take my last bite of my favorite snake food. The boat was going under fast; my electronics have all gone. It was not long until; I say now- that not testing my work in small boat making was not up to ship shape. I could say that now...

“There is a magnificent intensity in life that comes when we are not

in control but are only reacting, living,  
surviving. I am not a religious man per se...  
but for me, to go to sea is to get a glimpse  
of the face of God. At sea, I have reminded  
of my insignificance-of all men's

insignificance. It is a  
wonderful feeling to be so humbled.”

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My dilemma has given me a  
strange kind of wealth; I will always be  
remembered for the dumb a\*s girl that did  
this... the most important kind of  
remembrance there is was dumb in life. You  
do something so dumb you be

remembered, maybe that was why I tried this... he said I was that dumb so I lived up to it! I value each moment that is not spent in pain, desperation, hunger, thirst, or loneliness.

Sometimes, I try to stop speculating of the future or what's out of my existence, and other times I just lean back and run with it because maybe it's for the best, to think of what might not have been that what could have been.

10 days into my trip, and I lost at sea, so far out in the back sea, at night, sharks are playing with my feet- not

taking bits, yet, but like rubbing me as they pass... as I kick just to say above the water-killing me slowly.

"I'm just confused.

Everything's confusing. Everything beautiful is far away, or maybe everything far away is beautiful. It's like how the grass is greener on the other side. Grass just looks nicer from the other side; you know? The grass where you're standing looks like dirt with hair."

Well anyone finds me or will I die?

"A strange thing happens  
when you interview a robot. You feel an  
urge to be profound: to ask profound  
questions. I suppose it's an inter-species  
thing. Although if it is, I wonder why I never  
try and be profound around my dog. 12:07  
am lost at sea- in the green-sh blue in the  
drink- 'Like a planet around a star,' looking  
up, I see the shooting one and no that is my  
death coming.

I am constantly surrounded  
by a display of natural wonders, all glowing  
in the with the moonlight. All sparkly- In  
calculation, to the little ecosystem

developing around me was taking skin and  
more off me my- and my top and underwire  
was taken off by me, so it would not weight  
me down- so-o here I am, bobbing in the  
drink just nude as I was with my boyfriend  
the first time, I have the same turn-ie up-  
sideie- down-ie felling in my little belie.  
Look down and it's amazing all the colors  
and life- yet tariffing all at the same time-  
so wonderful and yet so unkind to me.

The acrobatic dorados  
perform beneath ballets of fluffy white  
clouds. Then the sunsets were just like the  
one I would sit and stare at with him

making me sad and happy too. Or the time I went for ice-cream with my dad, and he gives me money for my first, bike... when I was five. Or the time, I was with my mom and sister, Gracie, walking out to the waterfall in the state park, at ten. And the time with my boy, over a table overlooking the sea- at a fine restraint place that his mom paid for.

The clouds glide across the sky until they join at the horizon to form whirling, flaming sunsets that are slowly doused by nightfall. Then, as if the sun had suddenly crashed, thousands of glistening

galaxies are flung out into the deep black night. There is no bigger sky country than the sea. But I cannot enjoy the incredible beauty around me. It lies beyond my grasp, taunting me. Knowing it can be stolen from me at any time, by a Dorado or shark attack or by a deflating raft, I cannot relax and appreciate it. It is beautifully surrounded by ugly fear. I write in my log that it is a view of heaven from a seat in hell."

I was thinking of a song that I loved, an oldie from my dad's way-way back in them their days, back in the 1990's back when the dinosaurs roamed the planet, and



the year or so when my older sister- Kaylie  
was born so 1993- me I was born in 2002  
and Bryan Adams – “Please Forgive Me,”  
was the crap, when my sister was young,  
that was so-o good, I am thinking about  
here like crazy too. Like- that was one that I  
would hum to pass the time, from time to  
time, the pop charts, of 2015. Funny it was  
slated wounds- by SIA!

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The person despises the  
most is my freaking Boyfriend, as I see the  
sun come up on a story day lost at sea,  
lightning cracking next to me, I thought, I

was going to be fried... (Boom!!) In addition, the hot feeling of the wave hit my face smacking firmly. despising someone I have two in mind right now it would be him, and God- sorry to say I was never on to do that coming from my family life, of doing what was right.

The greatest love of your life would be him, silly! I feel anyways... What I loved in him- and the boys' that I liked- "Hmm, I like a smart funny guy :) like him, I don't like him to be super serious all the time! just basically a smart clown that's laid back (: What is the quality you most like

in a man? I like guys that try in school. They have to be cute and make me laugh. Also, I like guys that can carry on a conversation, and that is athletic. If you like a girl, do not talk about other girls with her, either, because that makes them think that you are not interested. I like the smart, athletic kid, and they have to have good clothes! I love when a man wears sweater vests, it's so sexy... I am lost in my last sexy thoughts'... and also a plus is- can read and write- yet- boys today- that may be asking too much. Also, make sure you smell good!! That's such a big turn-on."

When and where were you  
happiest? I was the happiest in life, when I  
was rushing to his arms and he would hold  
me, or when the school day was at end and  
he was there to take me places, and  
working on this trip I was the hippest just or  
that all to die in a heartbeat, like I am  
having less of those too, and it's getting  
harder to breath. Which talent would you  
most like to have? My talent was swimming  
and being in the water like I said I have  
been swimming now for a week, in the  
middle of the sea. I would say that I have  
lasted longer then, I should have. Being a

good lover, girlfriend, and student... also-  
and caring to all!

"Every time you look up at  
the stars, it's like opening an entry of my  
days of the past and thinking. I could be  
anyone, anywhere right now. Yet, know- I  
am here in the Pacific... I was wonder well  
looking up at that star-filled sky if he was  
too thinking of me- I now know that not to  
be true.

Things, things that- I wanted  
to do this summer was- Camping out in the  
backyard with your best friend, with my  
sister's eleven years old friends who are

mine too- a- lot of them were younger than  
me but still my girlfriends. driving lessons  
with my older sister, stopping at the edge of  
the city, looking up at the same stars.  
Walking a wooded path, kissing in the  
moonlight, look up and you're eleven again.  
Boys in a tiny town, like I did when I was ten  
and up, to eat candy and think of getting fat  
like I did then. You're in a seal- boat, and  
you flipped, that was me... You're staring  
out the back of a car. Out here where the  
world begins and ends, it's like nothing ever  
stops happening."

"It's not a remarkable note  
except for one thing- doing this- and being a  
young girl, there is nothing to remember  
me by, and my name you may have  
forgotten, already like them. Even if the  
shark swims away, you're not truly safe  
until you're out of the water, yet that's not  
going to happen, now is it? Sharks may  
leave temporarily and then come back to  
continue the attack. Get back to shore or  
back on the boat as quickly as imaginable. If  
you could change one thing about yourself,  
it would be everything- I never like anything  
about me, I am 14 what can I say, that is  
why I did this to make me- into something,

if I could I would have colored my hair maybe light brown... and use different contacts, yet that is not something that is life changing.

SHARKS- Sometimes, they swim right up and have at it, sometimes they circle for a-while before lunging, and sometimes they sneak up from behind for a surprise attack. To be able to defend against the shark, you must know where it is, so make every effort to watch the animal, even as you're working out your escape, I try to stay calm and don't make sudden movements. When you first spot



the shark, chances are it will swim away  
without bothering you.

You cannot out-swim a  
shark, so trying to sprint to safety may not  
be your best option, unless you're already  
very close to shore. It's important to keep  
your wits about you so you can  
continuously appraise the situation and  
figure out how to get to safety. I was this on  
thought, what I consider your greatest  
achievement, I have never done it.

I love- love- love- long  
painted nails, in all colors, long pony tails,  
and my style like it- honestly, has not

changed much from last year. Basic pieces are the best because you can wear them in many different ways! I would get plenty of plain t-shirts and sweaters so you can wear them with scarves and jewelry. A basic pair of dark jeans is probably a good idea, as are leggings and maybe yoga pants. For shoes, Sperry's are really popular at my school. People are also wearing Converse, Crocs, Nikes, Uggs, and any kind of girly boot! Tight jeans... and Victoria-secret undies!

My I phone was my life... my most treasured possession? My favorite TV shows were? Pretty Little Liars, The Secret

Life of the American Teenager... and  
anything on MTV, as yours where also in  
2015 I am sure. If you were to die and come  
back as a person it would be as my sister  
who was perfect in everything. So, I would  
know how it feels to be the head girl.

6

All the shark, I knew a leg  
was now gone, I was hitting them all in- in  
the face and gills. Playing dead won't deter  
an aggressive shark. Your best bet if  
attacked is to make the shark see you as a  
strong, credible threat. Usually, a hard blow  
to the shark's gills, eyes or snout will cause

it to retreat; these are really the only  
vulnerable areas on a shark.

Get into a defensive position,  
I thought like laying on top of the waves I  
did that too and got so sunburnt that when  
back in the water I screamed- for my  
mother, and that is something a girl my age  
never will do...

I am pretty sure most shark  
attacks happen all the time yet not to a girl  
swimming trying to stay above the chasing  
waves, I never gave much thought to  
sharks- not this far inland out even to the  
fact my boat would go under in a larger

storm, the storm Hurricane Patricia was a  
Duration May 28 – June 4 Peak intensity  
145 mph (230 km/h) (1-min) 937 mbar  
(hPa), I know that my mom and dad where  
going nuts to look at this storm, on TV  
knowing that I am out there yet they  
thought I was strong... that what matters  
here, they believed I could do this... yet they  
never go to say go by either to me. My  
boyfriend was quoted saying- “That he  
didn’t even care...”

There are many opinions out  
there and you should look around the  
internet for different sources and articles

about attacks and sharks. "The genuine understanding of one's inconsequentiality profits a calming sense of being entirely connected to the greater whole. As a tiny part of the world and humanity, I now felt more at peace, at losing life than at this moment, and yet I never- ever felt so alone." And I went under and was eaten, never to be seen- or hear from again.

Just a girl like you at age 14-  
lost at sea- that was me- and how, I would  
be remembered!

The end



